drawing-room; and there, as well as in that of the *Uffizii*, you may study and copy as you like. In the Imperial Academy at Venice, in the Brera at Milan, and most other museums, the attendants keep the doors closed, and a remuneration (in the palace of Sciarra at Rome *fixed* at three paoli) is demanded, or expected by them. The Vatican is not open but once a week for a few hours; and as there are so many holidays (even one being kept if the Pope drives to Tivoli), a stranger may remain a month in Rome without seeing the Vatican. In the Museo Gregoriano, you must not write or sketch a single line, which is also the case in the Gallery Borgia. Who wants to make sketches in the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli, must have *one* permit; but if he require to bring a box of colours with him, *another* will be needed. Thus enjoyment is thwarted now, and study impeded; even the very existence made annoying; and the present Rome may ever repent, that it has even changed the hospitable habits of a few years back, which facilitated so much the endeavours of the art-student.

The famous column which had been erected to Antoninus Pius by his sons, had been broken by a former transport from the Gardens of the Mission to the spot where Clement XI. wished to place it. Made of one single block of red Egyptian granite, it measured sixty feet by a diameter of seven. Its marble pedestal, however, yet preserved, is one of the most instructive ancient art-remains, on account of its inscriptions and sculptures, representing the apotheosis of Emperor Antoninus and his wife Faustina, and most important representations of circus and sepulchral festivities and games. Pius VI. had it removed to the gardens of the Vatican, where it was little observed. Neglected, therefore, for nearly half a century, it has been lately placed in the gardens della Pigna, close to the colossal bronze Pinia fruit from the mausoleum of Emperor Adrian. Previous to its being placed there, Cavaliere Fabris had by the late pope been ordered to completely restore it in the antique style. J. L——y.

THE LATE MR. B. R. HAYDON,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

On Monday last this unfortunate gentleman committed suicide in a state of unsound mind, partly produced by the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. He first shot himself, then inflicted a dreadful wound in his throat, and was found literally steeped in blood, in front of a colossal picture, "Alfred the Great and the first British Jury," on which it appears he was engaged to the last moment. His story is a melancholy one, full of instruction, and at a more fitting moment we may venture to grapple with it.

The following extracts from a diary, always kept by the deceased, were read at the inquest, held on Wednesday morning, and must impress all who read them with sorrowful feelings:—

The first entry selected ran as follows:—

"March 27.—I had my little misgivings to-day, on my way to the Egyptian-hall. The horse attached to the cab in which I rode fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me? Yet the same accident occurred before the cartoon contest."

"March 31.—April fool day to-morrow. In putting my letters of invitation to a private view into the post, I let 300 of them fall to the ground. Now for the truth of omens."

"April 4.—The first day of my exhibition being opened. It rained all day, and no one came,—Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse excepted. How different would it have been 26 years ago: the rain would not have kept them away then.

Receipts, 1st day,
'Christ entering Jerusalem,' 1820.
£19. 16s.

Receipts, 1st day,
'Banishment of Aristides.'
£1. 1s. 6d.

In God I trust.—Amen.

"April 13.—Receipts, 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public, but not a shilling more was added to the receipts. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push—they fight—they scream—they faint—they cry 'Help,' and 'Murder!' They see my bills and caravans, but do not read them; their eyes are on them, but their sense is gone. It is an insanity—a *rabies furor*—a dream—of which I would not have believed Englishmen could be guilty. My situation is now one of extreme peril, more so than when I began 'Solomon,' 33 years ago. Involved in debt—mortified by the little sympathy which the public displayed towards my best pictures—with several private engagements yet to fulfil, I awoke, as usual, at four o'clock this morning. My mind was immediately filled with the next picture of my series. I felt immediately, 'Is it the whispering of an evil or good spirit?' but believing it to be for good, I called on my Creator, who has led me through the wilderness during 49 years, not to desert me at the eleventh hour."

"May 4.—I have just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I have called on the writer, who is an amiable man, and has promised to give me time. I came home under mingled feelings of sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation, and sat down to my palette under an irritable influence. My brain became confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison before me. I went on with my picture, and rejoiced inwardly at its effects, but my brain harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour; I awoke cold—the fire out—and went again to my picture."

The coroner observed, in reference to this entry, which was made in May, that no doubt deceased, in making the remark "the fire out" intended to convey that his animal spirits and mental energies were gone.

"May 14.—This day 42 years I left my native Plymouth for London. I have closed my exhibition with a loss of 111*l.* No one can accuse me of shewing less talent or energy than twenty years ago."

Throughout the diary were found frequent complaints of the loss of time the deceased suffered from continual interruptions owing to his embarrassments. Appended to one of these complaints was the following remark:—"I am more and more convinced by experience, that the loss of a day to an artist is a great injury to any work on which he may be engaged."

"May 21.—Worked hard at my picture, and advanced immensely. Felt uneasy because I could not give my dear son money to go and see his college friends.

June 3.—Called on my dear friend Kemp, who advanced me some cash to get over my difficulties. By the time my pictures are finished they will be all mortgaged; but never mind, so that I get them done.

June 13.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to the failure of my exhibition at the Hall. In God I trust. It is hard—this struggle of 42 years' duration; but Thy will and not mine be done.

June 14.—O God! let it not be presumption in me to call for Thy blessing on my six works. Let no difficulty on earth stay their progress. Grant this week Thy divine aid. From sources invisible raise me up friends to save me from the embarrassments which want of money must bring upon me, and grant that this day week I may be able to thank Thee for my extrication.

June 15.—Passed in great anxiety, after harassing about for several hours in the heat of the sun.

June 16.—Sat from 2 to 5 o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot; my brain pressed down by anxiety and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to ——, and to ——, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered 'The Duke's Study' to ——. Who answered first? Tormented by Diarsel; harassed by public business; up came the following letter:—

'Whitehall, June 16.

Sir,—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send, as a contribution for your relief from these embarrassments, the sum of 50*l.*

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
ROBERT PEEL.

Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt.'

That's Peel. Will ——, ——, or —— answer?

June 17.—My dearest wife wishes me to stop the whole thing and close payment, but I will not! I will finish my six pictures, by the blessing of God!

June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from —— or ——! And this Peel is the man who has no heart!

June 21.—Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation."

The next was the last entry made, evidently, immediately before the world closed upon the unhappy man; it ran thus:—

"June 22.—God forgive me. Amen.
Finis. B. R. HAYDON.

'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear.*

The end of the 26th volume."

PROPOSED TOWN-HALL IN DONCASTER.

SIR,—I am surprised when I hear of an intelligent individual who is ignorant of the duties and province of the architect;—but how much more so when I hear of the ignorance of a respectable town at large. You will see, from the inclosed copy of a letter from the Doncaster paper of June 19th, that although there is a highly respectable architect in Doncaster, who has given sufficient proof of his ability in the manner in which he has conducted numerous buildings of no pseudo character in the neighbourhood, yet, in despite of there being such a gentleman, it appears that a Mr. Butterfield, the corporation steward, is going to prepare drawings, and most probably superintend the construction, of the proposed new town-hall, &c. Bad as competition is, Sir, it is not so bad as this. Low as *it* generally estimates the merit and character of the architect, still respectable buildings have been got by it,—buildings in good character; but what can be expected in this case? Perhaps a copy of some mausoleum.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. A. BLENKARN.

Ollerton, Notts, June 22nd, 1846.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DONCASTER GAZETTE.

"SIR,—Fully sensible of the necessity that exists for a new town-hall, and for better accommodation being afforded to the attendants of our markets, I will, with your permission, thus publicly join in the high encomiums paid by many of the inhabitants of this town upon the diligent attention paid to these subjects by the corporation, and, at the same time, make a few remarks that I hope will not be considered irrelevant. It is stated that the proposed alterations will cost about 17,000*l.*, a large sum of money, the expenditure of which no one will regret if it is but judiciously applied. There is one point, however, which is rather startling, and that is, that Mr. Butterfield, the corporation steward, is not only entrusted with the selection of the sites, but is also required to give plans and elevations for the several buildings. I do not wish to disparage the talents of Mr. Butterfield (who, in the erection of the covered cow-markets, sufficiently proved his ability), but I cannot resist the impression that in the *present case* an architect ought to be consulted in the development of the plans. It is the opinion of many parties in the town, that the plans, &c., should be open to competition, but to this there is one great drawback, viz., the appointment of *judges* of the designs sent in. Several members of the corporate body may certainly have tolerable ideas of what is required in the internal arrangements of the buildings; but how many of them (excepting our chief magistrate and perhaps one other) knows a Doric column from a Corinthian, or an Elizabethan moulding from a Grecian cornice? In such a dilemma what can be done? Why, let the corporation agree, if they can, to select an architect to assist Mr. Butterfield in giving both good accommodation and an elegant and chaste design; for almost every day's experience shews, that for the same money an ornament might have been erected where exists nothing but an eye-sore. Build what we may, *architects* will always be able to find fault; but let us at least have edifices at which every amateur will not turn up his nose in contempt. Trusting these few remarks will be received in the same good spirit in which they are written, I beg to subscribe myself your obedient servant A TOWNSMAN.

Doncaster, June 17, 1846.

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASHHOUSES BILL.—In the Commons Sir G. Grey has brought in a Bill for promoting the voluntary establishment, in boroughs and parishes, in England and Wales, of public baths and washhouses. Its object is to enable parishes to obtain the first cost of the building out of the poor rate, to be paid off in a certain number of years.

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